and the second second

pin' short in the middle of the livin' room and gazin' over at the win-

For there is Master Sullivan McCabe knickers and Sunday shoes. Also his face and ears have been scrubbed pink, except for the freckles, and his curly shock of brown hair shows a neat part. Here it is a nice sunshiny Saturday afternoon, too, when he's usually out playing with the gang and seldom shows up home until after dark. More'n that, he's sit-

tin' there quiet and readin' a book.
"I didn't know the dancin' lessons had bequn again," says I.
"They ain't," says Sully.
"Been to a party then?" I asks "Or did you forget and think this was Sunday?" Sunday?"
"Don't be absurd, Shorty." breaks in Sadie. "Just as though it was an unheard of thing for your son to be fairly clean and decently dressed on a week day."

I "My error of course.

a week day."

"Huh!" says I. "My error, of course.
But I don't ever remember that it's
happened before. He ain't sick or
anything, is he?"

"If you must know, Chorty," says
she, "we are expecting a caller. Miss
Lillith Cutting is coming to tea."

"Gosh!" says I, gaspy. "Lisping
Lillith, the lady poetess? That old
hen!"

hen!"

"Shorty McCabe!" protests Sadie.
vigorous. "Aren't you ashamed? Right
before Sully, too!"

"Oh, come!" says I. "She's no great
favorite of Sully's either. Didn't he
come near gettin' in wrong with her
the last time she was here? Say, if
I hadn't arrived just as I did he'd
have had our old tomcat and that
little white poodle of hers mixed up
in a lively free-for-all. He was just
openin' the coupe door to chuck old
Tom in with Fluffy when I interfered."

hehaved very badly that day. He wriggled away from Miss Cutting when she wanted to talk to him, and he was so sulky that I had to send he was so sulky that I had to send him out. He looked a sight, too, in that old foot ball costume and with his hands all grimy. But we have talked it all over since then, Sully and I. He understands now that while Miss Cutting may have her little peculiarities, she is really quite a talented lady, who writes poems for the magazines—beautiful poems about little boys and girls. I've read him some of them. Haven't I. Sully?"

"Yep," says Sully, smoothin' out a



"I THOUGHT SO, TOO," SAYS I. "AND ANOTHER QUEER FEM WAS THE PRICE MISS CUTTING HAD TO PAY AS A RANSOM."

talking to her, she'll give you one free.

Sully don't commit himself. As far as I could see he was diggin' the toe of one shoe into the rug and fidgetin' with his hands. I'd have like to have put up a little bet with Lillith that when it came to readin' Sully's thoughts she was a poor guesser. In the sure does ook more or less to journe in the price. A month from now would do. But as I sits there lookin' through the draperies into the next room and watchin' Sully exhibit his comp'ny manners for the benefit of this popely does not be donation.

They're her long suit. Course, being an old maid, she claims to know all thoughts she was a poor guesser. In the date of the donation.

A FEW GUESSES ABOUT SULLY By Sewell Ford. THE RAMBLER WRITES OF COLUMBIA CLUB'S REIGN ON ANALOSTAN ISLAND

Activities of Columbia Athletic Club When Its Membership Neared the One Thousand Mark. The Island Boathouse and the G Street Home-A Gala Affair of the Year 1890.

HE Rambler feels some perplexity as to how he will start this story. The subject is still Analostan Island and a great many things relating to that island have yet to be told. The story of Analostan as an excursion place is yet to be set down. The story of James M. Mason, a senator from Virginia, Confederate envoy to Great Britain, and who was born in his father's house on Analostan Island. must be told. The Rambler wants to tell this story because he feels you will be interested in it and because he wants to offer to the memory of this good and able man such poor little wreath as his pen can Rambler written stories of trips to

club as the athletic club there was a regatta, which was interrupted by one of the big storms of this region and two gigs of the Columbias and Potomacs were swamped and their crews rescued by tugs and rowboats. That exciting little chapter of local history must be recounted. The matter concerning the Mason-Analostan-Virginia ferry, which the Rambler has dealt with briefly, leads on to a mass, if not a maze, of facts about ancient ferries across the Eastern branch and the Potomac near the site of Washington, and these facts must be—or permit the Rambler to say with great meekness, ought to be—put into print.



interesting places you write about?" How else in the name of common sense could it be done? Has not the hundreds, to thousands, of places in That phase of the history of Analostan Island associated with the Columbia Athletic Club must be taken care of in these annals and that mobody living more than five miles from them ever heard of bedray that will require some space. The Columbia Athletic Club grew out of the Columbia Athleti fore? Has he not written columns of descriptive matter after his fashion: the Columbia Boat Club, and the year after the reincorporation of the boat "One hundred yards further along the club as the athletic club there was road you pass a spring on the left road you come to a black oak tree, over which a trumpet creeper has copy desk now would start a riot! grown, and fifty feet south of the Look at that first sentence with the

those two paragraphs are very interesting to the Rambler! He does not know who wrote that story, but a story like that, passing across the copy desk now would start a riot!

Sales and Horace Beal of the Columnia. But that story will have to be held over until another Sunday. The Rambler meets John Hadley Doyle on the Avenue every now and then, and John must remember that day well.

define with his place of the most and the most of the

usepost that he gets away with a left you caught to hear he arguming the percentage of misching that a percentage of the percentage of the

"Listen to My Tale of Woe" and "Where Did You Get That Hat?" Was there a good time in the Co-lumbia Athletic clubhouse that night Friday, April 25, 1890? Well, you bet! The Rambler hoped in this narra-tive to tell of the regatta of August crews of the Columbia and Potomac gigs were saved by life preservers and lines thrown from tugboats, and by a big rowboat quickly launched from the Columbia boathouse and manned by Fred Freeman of the Pas-saics and Horace Beall of the Colum-

The state of the s

metz, Mills Dean, John H. Haswell,
S. F. Emmons, F. F. Fletcher, H. B.
Zevely. Fred Thompson, J. C. Marburv. W. B. Hibbs, Alexander Grant,
J. West Wagner, J. A. Goldsborough,
Theodore J. Pickett, R. W. Ryan and
W. A. Smith.

A few out of the many hundreds
of guests were Col. McCawley of the
marines, Rear Admiral Franklin,
Mesopotamia and Arabia.

IS IT NOT FASCINATING TO WATCH THEIR SWEET, INNOCENT NATURES UNFOLD BEFORE ONE; TO SEE THEM RIPEN AND DEEPEN, AS ONE SEES A ROSE COME INTO BLOOM?"

about 'em. Honest, sire almost makes me seasick when I have to listen to her, tellin' about how well she understands "the sweet mystery of child nature."

If it was her knowledge of dishmop poodles now, I might admit that she knew what she was talkin' about, for you never see her anywhere without this woolly little parlor insect that she calls Fluing Duffie. He's all was rightly beard of devitry then I'm shedly mistaken, leaves around, and where there ain't any hostile cats or dogs she lugs him into houses under her arm. You ought to hear her springin' her line of baby talk to him. Say, it's enough to make you want to throw the little beast through a window. I like dogs well enough, too—real dogs. But these pink-eyed things, that look like they'd been crocheted. The second of the second of